

MARY AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST.

"Toss morning—and a silver wreath of mist Lay low on Mary's brow. Night's sombre vestment wrapp'd the silent vale Of mourning Kedron, and the leaves and flowers Of all Gethsemane droop'd heavily with dew. All was still, save when a plaintive gush Of holy from some lone wanderer broke The holy hush, or voice of sighing winds Pae'd like a spirit's whisper.

One by one bright Heaper's golden train Had pass'd the western sapphire gates of heaven, And other watchers look'd from their pale shrouds Upon the slumbers of a guilty world. Silence was in their hearts—the chosen band, Who at the foot of the sad, bloody cross Wept for the human—piercing not the veil That hid the glories of the Savior's death From their dim vision—and at early dawn, With a sweet offering they sought the tomb Where their dear Lord was buried—but behold! The stone that seal'd the sepulchre was moved, And angel sentinels the watchers were At first resurrection.

And Mary, coming to the open tomb, Wept when she saw not Jesus whom she loved, Knowing not He was risen, till the voice Of heaven's radiant angel in her ear, Ag'd her sorrow with the promise given That she should rise, and heavenly manna make For his blest followers.

St. Simonianism—Fourierism. 1. Etudes sur les Reformateurs Contemporains. Par Louis REYBAUD. Paris, 1840. 2. Organisation du Travail. Par Louis BLANC. Paris, 1839. Cinquieme edition, Augmentee, 1848. 3. Lettres au Peuple. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris, 1848. 4. The National—French Newspaper. March, 1848. 5. Louis Blanc on the Working Classes, with a Refutation of his destructive Plan. By JAMES WARD. London, 1848.

That the set of opinions brought forth into action by the recent revolution in France is something totally different from the now common-place republicanism with which the revolution of 1789 deluged Europe, must already be sufficiently clear to all who have paid any attention to the accounts that have been reaching us from Paris for the last two months.

It is not, indeed, that any well-instructed person will be surprised to expect. It has never yet been seen that any great social crisis was a mere repetition of that which preceded it. Always, in every crisis, there are involved new principles, new germs, accumulated in the mind of society since the last epoch of a similar nature, and which, seizing the current opportunity—if indeed they have not created it—spring forth into expanded activity, dominate over the crisis, and give it its special significance and character. If, then, this new revolution in France be, as the fears of some, the hopes of others, and the anxieties of all bespeak it—may, as its train of already achieved consequences prove it to be—a real crisis for all Europe; it follows, according to all analogy, that it contains new seeds, and that the condition of society which it will ultimately evolve, will be unlike any yet known.

What, then, are the new seeds contained in this third, or as it is now customary, in contempt of the transactions of July, 1830, to say, this second French revolution? A mighty question, which the future alone can fully answer, but in connection with which one or two things may be said. It is always possible to find something, regarding the direction which a political movement will assume, by observing what are the speculations abroad in society at the time, and which, possessing the leading minds, are likely, to some extent at least, to be embodied in the new system of things. What, then, are the ideas at present most powerful in the mind of the French nation?—the ideas, that is, which engage in a special manner its most active intellects, and are by them most sedulously diffused among the people? To this question a partial answer has already been furnished in the frequent, but somewhat blind, allusion in our newspapers to "communism," "communist doctrines," &c., as being now very prevalent in French society, and as having become the most prominent part in the revolutionary movement. It is found that in these newspaper allusions the word "communism" is used as a vague designation for a variety of political and social theories now abroad in France, all of them characterized, it would appear, by a vehement repugnance, in some cases intellectual, in others sentimental, to the doctrines of Adam Smith and Malthus, and all of them aiming at a final result, which they term also, more generally, "the re-organization of society."

To respond to the more remarkable of these theories, and to collect such facts as may tend to show how far they are likely to affect the course of events in France, are the objects of the present article. It is now upwards of thirty years since Claude-Henri, Comte de Saint-Simon, began to promulgate in France those views which have since become so famous under the name of Saint-Simonianism. Born in Paris, the 17th October, 1760, of a family one of the most distinguished of the French noblesse, and which traced its descent to Charlemagne, through the Counts de Montmorin, Saint-Simon inherited, as it were, the best of his generation, those qualities, which the Due de Saint-Simon, was one of the most graceful of those aristocratic figures that moved so gracefully in the court of Louis XIV. His father, however, having lost the ducal title and property, Saint-Simon began life to which he was entitled him. After having received a general education under D'Alembert, and then time for young Frenchmen of family, and in 1777 joined the army which was sent by Louis XVI. to assist the American insurgents against the British crown. Inheriting in large degree a certain restlessness and eccentricity which was characteristic of his family, Saint-Simon, even in early youth, was buoyed up by a persuasion that he was to play a great part in the world. When he was in his 17th year his servant was instructed to awake him every morning with these words—"Levez-vous, Monsieur le Comte, vous avez de grandes choses a faire." For a young Frenchman bent on "grandes choses," America was scarcely the field; and after having served under Washington and Bouille, as well as travelled in a private capacity in various parts of the continent, especially in Mexico, where he attempted to interest the viceroy in a scheme for uniting the two oceans by rendering navigable the river Partido, he was glad to return to France. Here, in the enjoyment of the rank of colonel, which was at that time conferred on young noblemen as an honorary sinecure, he continued to live at court without seeking any opportunity of active service. "My vocation," he says, "was not to be a soldier; I was inclined to a mode of activity quite different, and I may say, opposite. To study the march of the human spirit, in order, eventually, to labor for the advancement of civilization; such was the end which I proposed to myself."

In 1785, having been left his own master by his father's death two years before, he visited Holland; and in the following year he went to Spain. Availing himself there of the influence which his position afforded, he pressed on public notice various projects of a practical character. One of these, concerted between him and Cabarrus, then Director of the Bank of St. Charles, afterwards Minister of Finance, was a project for uniting Madrid with the sea, by means of a canal. This scheme failed for want of encouragement from the Spanish Government; in another scheme, however, for establishing a system of stage-coaches in Andalusia—the first experiment of the kind in Spain—he was more successful. In these attempts at improvement in a foreign country, one sees that passion for rectification at all times and places which is the genuine characteristic of those whom the world call reformers. What Saint-Simon attempted on a small scale in Spain, the celebrated Count Rumford accomplished on a much larger, in Bavaria. Both were men of the same stamp. In Saint-Simon, however, as was proved by his subsequent career, the passion for rectification was infinitely deeper and more frantic than in Count Rumford. Beginning with proposals for constructing canals, and establishing systems of diligences for the benefit of provincial traffic, it was to go on increasing by exercise, and becoming more and more conscious of itself, until at length it was to grapple expressly, daringly, and even ostentatiously, with the wrongs of humanity itself.

Saint-Simon returned to his native country in 1789, immediately before the outbreak of the great revolution. He took no part, he says, in the stirring events which followed, but stood by as a mere spectator. Nobleman as he was, his sympathies were probably more with the republicans than with the royalists. At all events, his interest in what was stronger than any aristocratic regrets of the hour, he did not hesitate, in partnership with a Prussian nobleman, Count Le Redern, whose acquaintance he had made in Spain, to purchase a large quantity of the confiscated national lands from the revolutionary Government. The funds were to be employed on his part in founding "a great scientific school, and a great industrial establishment;" but when, after the fall of Robespierre, the property was at length realized, this project was frustrated by a quarrel between him and his partner, which ended in his accepting from the latter the sum of 144,000 livres (£6,800) in lieu of all his claims. This took place in 1797. "Pecuniarily," said Saint-Simon, commenting on the transaction afterwards, "I was the dupe of Redern."

Upon his little fortune of £6,800 as a basis, Saint-Simon, now in his thirty-eight year, was to build a vast life! His passion for a career had begun to assume a more definite shape. To lead mankind into a new path of activity, the nature of which, however, he could as yet only faintly indicate to himself by the descriptive adjectives of "physico-political," applied to it by anticipation—this seemed an enterprise worthy of his aim.

But, first, he must qualify himself for his great task by a course of universal education. Of this education the first part must be technical and theoretical; that is, he must first thoroughly acquire and master all the contemporary scientific generalities in which the entire knowledge of the race was condensed and formalized. True, he is no longer young; "his brain has lost its malleability;" still, as being rich and resolute, he possesses advantages on the other side; nor in the mind of an old pupil of D'Alembert could the necessary elementary notions be entirely wanting. Accordingly, taking up his residence near the Ecole Polytechnique, and cultivating, on purpose, the intimate personal acquaintance of the professors, he devoted his whole attention for three years, according to his own method, to the study of all the appliances that money could purchase, to the study of the physical sciences—mathematics, astronomy, general physics, and chemistry. Satisfied with his progress in these, he removed in 1801 to the neighborhood of the Ecole de Medecine, in order, in a similar manner, to add to his stock of ideas regarding inorganic nature, all the general notions that were attainable regarding organized bodies. Here, accordingly, in the company of eminent intellects, he traversed the whole field of physiological science.

Having thus imbibed and made his own all the contemporary scientific thought of France, it was necessary for him, according to his plan, to visit England and Germany, lest, in either country, any ideas should be lurking, of decided European value, although France had not recognized them. He was disappointed. "From England," he says, "I brought back the certainty, that its inhabitants were not directing their scientific labors to any general end, and had at that time no new capital idea on hand." The Germans, on the other hand, he "surprised in the midst of their mystical philosophy—the true infant-stage of all general sciences." Thus, seeing that the two great Teutonic countries could furnish him with no idea out of the circle of fundamental scientific principles, which had been accessible to him in France, he considered himself justified in concluding that, in having made those principles fully his own, he had taken in the entire essence of all contemporary thought of the world.

To the mass of formal or theoretical knowledge which Saint-Simon had acquired by his method of systematic contact with all those of his contemporaries who made thinking or generalization their profession, it behoved him, according to his prescribed plan, to add something

else before he could regard his training as complete. This was experience, properly so called; that is, the actual realization in his own person of the whole range of human idiosyncrasies and emotions. Now as the former portion of his education had been compassed by study, so this could only be compassed by experimentation; that is, by the voluntary assumption for scientific purposes of all those situations in which any new set of feelings could be obtained. He resolved, therefore to lead for several years a life of systematic experimentation, in order that, as by his previous course of universal study he had digested the whole mass of known scientific truths, and as it were placed himself at the point of highest theoretic generality attained by the race, so now, by this other method, he might break down the limitations which circled him in as a nobleman and a Frenchman, fraternize emotionally with all sorts of men, and be able at last to come forth a genuine epitome of all human sensation.

His first experiment—confessed by himself to have been such—was that of marriage. The lady he chose for his wife was Mademoiselle de Champgrand, the daughter of one of his champions in arms during the American war. "I wished to use marriage," he says, as a means for studying the *sacants*; a thing which appeared to me necessary for the execution of my enterprise; for, in order to improve the organization of the scientific system, it is not sufficient merely to know well the situation of human knowledge; it is necessary, also, to seize the effect which the cultivation of science produces on those who devote themselves to it; it is necessary to appreciate the influence which this occupation exercises over their passions, over their spirit, over the ensemble of their moral constitution, and over their separate parts." The matrimonial relation seems, in the case of Saint-Simon, to have resented the indignity thus put upon it. After a few years he and his wife were separated by a divorce procured by mutual consent. Childless by the first marriage, Madame de Saint-Simon soon afterwards contracted a second.

Both during and after his marriage, Saint-Simon continued to pursue, in the most indefatigable manner, his prescribed career of experimentation. Balls, dinners, and experimental evening-parties followed each other, says his biographer, in rapid succession; every new situation that money could create was devised and prepared; good and evil were alike gone into; play, dissipation, danger were alike gone into; the experience of years was crushed into a short space; even old age was artificially realized by medicines; and that the loathsome might not be wanting, this enthusiast for the universal, would inoculate himself with prevalent contagious diseases. It was probably when theorizing retrospectively on this period of his life that Saint-Simon afterwards drew up the following scheme of what he conceived to be a model human existence:—"First, To spend one's vigorous youth in a manner the most original and active possible; 2dly, To gain a knowledge of all human theories and practices; 3dly, To mingle with all classes of society, placing one's self in all possible situations, and even creating situations that do not exist; and, 4thly, To spend one's old age in resuming one's observations and in establishing principles."

With regard to the violation of established rules of morality necessarily involved in the reckless experimentation prescribed by this scheme, he observes characteristically, "If I see a man who is not launched on the career of general science frequenting houses of play and debauch, and not shunning with the most scrupulous society of persons of notorious immorality, I say, Behold a man going to perdition; he is born under an evil star; the habits which he is contracting will delude him in his own eyes, and will, consequently, render him supremely despicable. But if this man is under the direction of theoretical philosophy; if the object of his researches is to lay down the true line of demarcation which ought to separate actions, and class them into good and bad; if he is compelling himself to discover the means for curing those maladies of the human intelligence which cause us to follow paths that lead us away from happiness; then I say, This man runs the career of vice in a direction which will conduct him necessarily to the highest virtue."

If comment were necessary on this sweeping doctrine, one might point out the vicious confusion, characteristic of the Utilitarian philosophy which it involves, of the two distinct categories of the *Quid est* and the *Quid oportet*; the latter, through the transitional equivalent of the *Quid prodest*, being reduced to a mere department of the former, and so made amenable to the ordinary method of scientific induction; a method, according to which, the universal moral law would be a mere generalization from the mass of the accumulated past experience of our race—European, Asiatic, African, and American. "Do the law, and thou shalt know the doctrine," is the maxim directly antagonistic. Besides, what becomes of the so-called poetic faculty, if, thus, in order to know a thing, we must actually go into the midst of it, with hands, eyes, and feet? If this poetic faculty is not a hallucination, what is it but that Shakespearean something implanted in a man, by which, living strongly in his own simple course, he looks out for him by his native impulses and his felt duties, he can yet keep company with kings, knaves, heroes, and dead men, and walk wind-like all-lit over the whole earth?

The prescribed course of experimentation ended about the year 1807, when, having spent all his money, Saint-Simon found himself, at the age of forty-seven, in a condition of abject poverty. This, too, however, was experience; and, in order to earn his bread, the grandson of the proudest clerk of a *Mont de Piete*, or Government pawnbroking establishment, which, with a salary of 1,000 francs (£40) a year, was offered him in 1808 by the Comte de Segur, to whom he had applied for some situation. In this post he continued for about six months, after which he was indebted for lodging and subsistence to the charity of a former acquaintance named Diard. On Diard's death, in 1812, he was again thrown adrift upon Paris. Living in the most miserable manner, often without fire, and with bread and water for his only fare, he was yet upheld, he says, "by his passion for science, and his desire peaceably to terminate the terrible crisis in which European society is involved." Strange spectacle in modern times, a man living on solitary and poor, in a wretched metropolitan lodging—not maturing a specific scientific discovery, perfecting a mechanical invention, or completing a literary work, for any of which there were not wanting precedents; but nourishing within him, under the form of a French egotism, an almost oriental belief that somehow or other he was about to accomplish a direct social mission! A belief similar to this is, indeed, usually generated in eminent men by the

heat and fever of incessant action among their fellows; but rarely, as in Saint-Simon, has it been seen existing as a purely intuitive egotism, antecedent to all activity, and demanding explicitly its own verification.

(To be continued.) North British Review.

For the Herald and Journal.

"MISSION TO FRANCE."

BR. STEVENS:—At length the joyful note has sounded. We have had our sympathies awakened in behalf of China, Africa, Oregon and South America, but no direct appeal in favor of France. This is confessedly a country now opened by the mysterious hand of God, for greater Protestant exertions than ever. France needs the Gospel. This alone will give her a rock on which to found her liberal institutions. She struggles nobly for freedom, and has struggled for the last fifty years. But the coils of the old serpent, Romanism, have prevented the development of her strength. She is destined for freedom, and must soon be free. The circulation of the Bible and the pervading of the Gospel, will materially aid her. But aside from this, think of the millions of her population dying for want of the bread of life. An American Methodist Mission for France! Noble project! France loves, nay, venerates America. An American would be welcome on her soil. There is no jealousy, no prejudice against them. The common people will gladly hear them. They will have influence beyond many others. Why, then, shall not one be despatched at once? One did say, why not a score? The last Christian Advocate and Journal has made an appeal in behalf of such a mission. Fifty dollars are already pledged from one individual. New England alone can make out the requisite amount to commence with. Let the churches in Boston, Lynn, Lowell, Providence, New Bedford and elsewhere, take up this matter. Never, seemingly, was there a more opportune time to begin such a work. Young men of New England, France looks to you for assistance in her efforts to admit the light of truth within her extensive territories. Shall she look in vain? No, I seem to hear you say. Begin immediately your efforts. Second the proposition made, and furnish the means for the immediate occupation of this important field. But at the same time let it not be forgotten that hundreds of French Canadians languish and die at our very doors. Every week they come and scatter themselves in our villages and towns.

I have received inquiry calls to visit these people, collected as they are in different places. But I must forego this to me great privilege, at present. I have not the means nor the time. My station requires nearly all my labor. I have visited Woonsocket, where there are over 100 families, several times. In order to be useful or to accomplish much of any thing, a laborer wholly devoted to this work should be appointed. It is an interesting field. Some listen with interest. Others solicit Bibles and tracts. But few, however, can read. Sunday Schools might profitably be established among them. To those brethren who have written to me inviting me to visit the French within their bounds, I return thanks, and as soon as possible I will do it.

While, then, we think of France, and act at once in response to the call, let us heed the cry for the bread of life all around us, and send them speedy help.

C. S. MACREDDING. Webster, July 14.

For the Herald and Journal.

A GREAT EVIL IN THE CHURCH.

The great evil of covetousness exists, and it exists in the church. In the same proportion of worldly-mindedness, is the moral feebleness of her energy, and the limited sphere and force of her power. I am safe in the declaration, that the great opiate on the activity of the church is her love of the world. This mountain incubus fearfully obstructs her speed, the race she runs, and very much hinders her chances of victory in the conquest of the world. And never will the church fully answer the end of her organization and divine institution, until her hoarded wealth be dragged from its coffers and scattered everywhere for the promotion of truth and the spread of light. May I not prudently say, that the ministers of the sanctuary have been, and are greatly remiss in not bearing more positive testimony against this robber sin. The example of the pious clergyman who preached once a month to his people on some indication of covetousness, and the ways and means of doing good with money, is worthy of our imitation as far as practicable, and would soon be followed with similar results, as in the vast liberality of his people.

But I have digressed from my purpose in these papers, which is to call attention to the indications of this evil as it exists in the church. 3. Another indication of the existence and prevalence of this evil, is very apparent in the reluctance with which the people mostly contribute to purposes of benevolence. What can cause this reluctance but a narrowness of mind on this subject? Is the agency of the love the people bear to their gold be not the cause of their unwillingness to part with it, what then is the cause? Friends are always slow to separate. They are pinned to the parting word, *farewell*. They accordingly delay the cause of their pain to the last moment. Now is this not emphatically true of the parting of most professors and their long loved friend, shining gold? Do they not give it up in convulsive agony, and grasp it to the last with the utmost cordiality? See how tender our congregations are on the question of giving. See, when a collection is announced for a charity that thrills the benevolent minds of angels with native and sweet emotions, what uneasiness agitates the crowd! What dark clouds settle down on the iron countenances of many devout worshippers! What repulsive thoughts roam through their minds! How profane in unholiness! See with what earnest entreaty, and begging fury the solicitor is compelled to attack their purses and pockets, in order to avoid defeat in obtaining aid for the benevolent cause he advocates! And then listen to the dull, monotonous sound of numerous coppers as they plunge from perititious hands into the "collection bag," so cordially hated; and hear the tiny, musical *clink* of the dear little *pep*, as it occasionally mingles its delicate note with the *baser* sounds of the chief instrument of benevolent enterprise on such occasions! Oh, I blush to know that these indications of covetousness are so universal. If it were not so, an occasion to give would be hailed with cheerfulness and pleasure, and a holy ambition to "abound in this good work" would expand the heart, open the hand, and brighten the generous countenance of every willing contributor. "God loves a cheerful giver;" but this reluctance

to respond to his calls for liberality is hostile to his entire nature, and merits his indignation and curse. No wonder so little of the pure love of God is enjoyed and exhibited by his people, when such an intimate, and almost inseparable link binds them and their wealth together. "The friendship of the world is the enmity of God."

4. But another phasis of this monstrous evil is, the anxiety of professors about the world and consequent effort to grow rich. This anxiety is not the dread of starvation among the really poor, but it is the covetous restlessness of the upper and middle classes of monied men to maintain and increase their earthly possessions, and the struggling feverishness of a still lower class, to rise to a position of plenty and splendor. Why this covetous restlessness among the richer classes? Because they desire to increase in goods, and are dissatisfied because they have not achieved the object of their worldly-minded ambition. Why this untiring struggling among the lower class, or classes? Evidently they "love the world and the things thereof," and are resolved not to rest till their covetous wish or desire is gratified. But they are equally deceived by this delusive and blinding evil; for the acquisition of wealth on this principle but increases the demand, and goods on the anxious pursuer after the still distant object. Hence they are always devoured by care, and continually too poor to give. While there are many prominent and less conspicuous exceptions to this state of general defection, there is little difference between the church and the world. I cannot see but that professors toil as slavishly in their hard wrought mines as non-professors. Nor can I see that as a general thing, church members are less anxious to dispose of their products at a low price, and purchase their various bills at a low estimate, than common sinners. All seem to be equally anxious. Christians, however, have a right to the market, but should Christians be so ardently anxious? Does not this indication of covetousness in the church, develop also a fearful state of irreligion? With this anxiety for wealth, is there no stealing of time from the closet retirement? None from family devotion? None from the pious education of children? None from searching the scriptures? Does it keep none from the house of the Lord? Does it cause none to neglect their own souls, and the souls of their neighbors and friends? Does not indulgence in this worldly-mindedness cause a criminal neglect of the capacity to enjoy pure happiness, and the powers of instrumentality for personal usefulness? While this unholy spell binds the church, her talents in no respect can be developed. Who of our Sampsons will rise up and slay this lion?

D. S. WELLING. Annapolis, Ohio, June, 1848.

For the Herald and Journal.

CALVINISM—INFANT DAMNATION.

BR. STEVENS:—I perceive there is a rather severe controversy in progress in some of the religious journals, on a question of fact,—Have the Calvinists of New England taught the doctrine of infant damnation? On the part of some it is asserted, by others it is denied. One party would make the impression that the doctrine was prevalent only some forty or fifty years since, while the other would have us believe the charge a "wanton calumny." Among others, the testimony of the venerable Dr. Beecher is adduced, from which, in the absence of other testimony, we should infer that such a doctrine had never been taught in this country. He says: "I am aware that Calvinists are represented as believing and teaching the monstrous doctrine that infants are damned, and that hell is doubtless paved with their bones. But having passed the age of fifty, and being conversant for thirty years with the most approved Calvinistic divines in New England, and in the middle, and southern, and western States, I must say that I have never seen or heard of any book which contained such a sentiment, nor a man, minister, or layman, who believed or taught it. And I feel authorized to say, that Calvinists, as a body, are as far from teaching the doctrine of infant damnation, as any who wisely excuse themselves." This testimony is undoubtedly sincere, but like other negative testimony, does not prove the absence of such teaching. I have not had the experience of a half a century, or so good an opportunity as some others of knowing the opinions of approved Calvinistic divines; yet I have heard of those who believed and preached the offensive doctrine. I thought the authority undoubted; still there may have been a mistake. To err is human, and I will not rely too much upon hearsay testimony. But that such a doctrine has been circulated in print, there can be no manner of doubt. For the last eighteen years I have had in my library the "Day of Doom," by Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, of Malden. I have been in the habit of considering this book a legitimate member of the Calvinistic family—a regular offspring of Calvinism as it was.

In this book I find the following stanzas, in reference to "reprobate infants:"—"Then to the Bar, all they drew near Who died in infancy, And not had been good or bad effected personally; But from the womb into the tomb were straightway carried, (Or at least for their innocent) who thus began to plead."

Here follow the plea of the infants and the argument of the judge, which I omit on account of their length; then comes the sentence of these same reprobates—"You sinners, and such a share as sinners may expect, Such you shall have; for I do save None but my own elect. Yet to compound your sin with their who lived a longer time, I do confess yours is much less, (Though every sin's a crime, A crime it is,—therefore in bliss you cannot hope to dwell, But unto you I shall show The easiest room in Hell. The glorious King thus answering, they cease, and plead no longer; Their consciences must needs confess His reasons are the stronger."

There can be no mistaking the import of these extracts. They inculcate the doctrine of infant damnation, and are based upon the old platform of unconditional election and reprobation. The book is in a quaint style, but it should not be inferred from that, that the author or the book was of small reputation. Mr. Wigglesworth was in early life a Fellow and Tutor in Harvard College. Afterwards he was a minister of the Gospel for nearly fifty years in the

town of Malden. He was an eminent minister; he was highly honored by the State at different times, and his writings were in good repute. Dr. Cotton Mather, speaking of his compositors, says, they had their acceptance and advantage; he refers especially to the one from which we have made the above extracts, remarking that "one of them, the Day of Doom, which has been often reprinted in both England, may perhaps find our children till the Day itself shall arrive."

There were seven editions of this book published in this country. The last was issued in Boston in the year 1828.

I have scribbled these few lines, not for the sake of controversy, for I have no taste for it; nor to prove that those who now call themselves Calvinists believe and teach as the high Calvinists once did, for I rejoice in the hope that they do not; but to bring out a fact to aid my Baptist-brother, who I thought had been rather severely handled in this controversy; not, however, by Dr. Beecher, but by some of the editors.

And I will add the suggestion, that one cannot well conceive how such a book as the Day of Doom could have passed through seven editions, and how both the book and the author could have received the high praise of Cotton Mather, when nobody believed or taught the doctrine of infant damnation. It is possible, yea, certain, that all this has escaped the notice of Dr. Beecher, although the last edition was published while he was a pastor in this city. Surely we may infer that other cases have been overlooked or forgotten, and we should learn to allow the testimony of others till we have reason to the contrary.

D. S. KINO.

THE TRIAL SERMON.

Some contemporary tells the following truthful anecdote, which illicitly hits off a large class of hearers in almost every religious congregation. At a village church, a new minister had just made his debut, who chanced to be more remarkable for simple eloquence and perspicuity than his predecessor. After the sermon there was the usual gathering of deacons, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Well, Mr. Squint, what do you think of the new doctrine?" (This is the name by which the Reformed Dutch designate their ministers.) "The Reformed Dutch designate their ministers." "Well, Mr. Twist, I can't say he pleased me; that is, he wasn't what one might have expected; indeed, I don't know but I might say I was disappointed a little!"

"That's just what I should have said. Mr. Twist, I don't know, but he's all falling; I've heered preachers in my day, and not a few neither; the fact is, the village is waking up, we must have learnin'—why, the doctrine's sermon was so plain, I understood every word of it. There was no learnin' in it; now the doctrine down the river preaches crack sermons, such as would take you all the week to find out what his meaning was—his discourses are so learned."

"You've hit it, neighbor, 'zactly. I don't think he knows much, and always did think so. Good morning."

So it is, adds the writer. If the minister astounds his hearers with mysteries he himself knows nothing about the fool is pleased, while it cannot but make the judicious grieves. Bishop Beveridge used to say that it required all his learning to make the great things of the Gospel plain. Some persons painfully remind us of the audience of Goldsmith's Village Schoolmaster. The lines may be required:

"While words of learned length and thunder sound, Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around; And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A letter writer who strolled into a Pawn Broker's shop in New York, describes a scene as follows:—"We noticed among the group an interesting girl, about seventeen years of age, in faded, yet deep mourning. There was an expression of anxious melancholy upon her pale and beautiful countenance, which riveted our attention. She was not among those who were bidding, but was undoubtedly waiting until some article was offered which she was desirous of possessing. At length the auctioneer offered a miniature and locket. The pale girl started, and rushing towards the counter, exclaimed in a voice of deep anguish—"

"Oh! don't, don't sell them, sir; for mercy's sake keep them a little while longer. I shall be able to redeem them. I shall, indeed."

"What is bid for them?" continued the auctioneer.

"Do not bid!" almost shrieked the girl. "I had to pawn them to get bread for my little sister; it is my mother's miniature and my mother's hair which that locket contains—my poor, dear mother, who gave it to me when she was dying. Oh! do not sell it—pray don't."

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced by this appeal among that assemblage. There was not a solitary bid for the articles; but we saw an elderly gentleman in the simple garb of a Quaker, go to the desk, and in a few minutes afterwards we saw that pale girl press his hand to her lips, and after eagerly kissing something which he handed to her, she rushed from the room.

FEIGNING DEATH AND DYING.

The Gazette de Lyons published the following fact: it happened at Chenas, not far from Lyons. A rich widow, without children, had promised to make her will in favor of her niece. The aunt fell sick, and the niece, as much through attachment as interest, lavished upon her the tenderest as well as the most assiduous cares; however, the aunt died without making a will. The niece was in despair for the loss of her friend and her hopes. She went around, told her story, and asked what could be done. Her perfidious counselors engaged her to play the old trick of hiding the death, and placing herself in bed, calling for a notary and witnesses, and dictating a conventional testament. She did her part well, and it succeeded wonderfully in a room that was partially darkened. The young girl, sunk in a pillow and curtains, pronounced with a feeble and broken voice, the last will and testament of the aunt; the notary wrote, and the victory was nearly sure, when one of the witnesses, who knew a little more than the others, declared he would sign no such act; for that the pretended testatrix had been dead for several hours, and he would not be the accomplice of a like deception. The unhappy niece, confounded and overwhelmed, could not support the idea of the consequent shame and punishment of her guilt, and she suddenly expired. She was buried at the same time with her aunt.

town of Malden. He was an eminent minister; he was highly honored by the State at different times, and his writings were in good repute. Dr. Cotton Mather, speaking of his compositors, says, they had their acceptance and advantage; he refers especially to the one from which we have made the above extracts, remarking that "one of them, the Day of Doom, which has been often reprinted in both England, may perhaps find our children till the Day itself shall arrive."

There were seven editions of this book published in this country. The last was issued in Boston in the year 1828.

I have scribbled these few lines, not for the sake of controversy, for I have no taste for it; nor to prove that those who now call themselves Calvinists believe and teach as the high Calvinists once did, for I rejoice in the hope that they do not; but to bring out a fact to aid my Baptist-brother, who I thought had been rather severely handled in this controversy; not, however, by Dr. Beecher, but by some of the editors.

And I will add the suggestion, that one cannot well conceive how such a book as the Day of Doom could have passed through seven editions, and how both the book and the author could have received the high praise of Cotton Mather, when nobody believed or taught the doctrine of infant damnation. It is possible, yea, certain, that all this has escaped the notice of Dr. Beecher, although the last edition was published while he was a pastor in this city. Surely we may infer that other cases have been overlooked or forgotten, and we should learn to allow the testimony of others till we have reason to the contrary.

D. S. KINO.

THE TRIAL SERMON.

Some contemporary tells the following truthful anecdote, which illicitly hits off a large class of hearers in almost every religious congregation. At a village church, a new minister had just made his debut, who chanced to be more remarkable for simple eloquence and perspicuity than his predecessor. After the sermon there was the usual gathering of deacons, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Well, Mr. Squint, what do you think of the new doctrine?" (This is the name by which the Reformed Dutch designate their ministers.) "The Reformed Dutch designate their ministers." "Well, Mr. Twist, I can't say he pleased me; that is, he wasn't what one might have expected; indeed, I don't know but I might say I was disappointed a little!"

"That's just what I should have said. Mr. Twist, I don't know, but he's all falling; I've heered preachers in my day, and not a few neither; the fact is, the village is waking up, we must have learnin'—why, the doctrine's sermon was so plain, I understood every word of it. There was no learnin' in it; now the doctrine down the river preaches crack sermons, such as would take you all the week to find out what his meaning was—his discourses are so learned."

"You've hit it, neighbor, 'zactly. I don't think he knows much, and always did think so. Good morning."

So it is, adds the writer. If the minister astounds his hearers with mysteries he himself knows nothing about the fool is pleased, while it cannot but make the judicious grieves. Bishop Beveridge used to say that it required all his learning to make the great things of the Gospel plain. Some persons painfully remind us of the audience of Goldsmith's Village Schoolmaster. The lines may be required:

"While words of learned length and thunder sound, Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around; And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew That one small head could carry all he knew."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A letter writer who strolled into a Pawn Broker's shop in New York, describes a scene as follows:—"We noticed among the group an interesting girl, about seventeen years of age, in faded, yet deep mourning. There was an expression of anxious melancholy upon her pale and beautiful countenance, which riveted our attention. She was not among those who were bidding, but was undoubtedly waiting until some article was offered which she was desirous of possessing. At length the auctioneer offered a miniature and locket. The pale girl started, and rushing towards the counter, exclaimed in a voice of deep anguish—"

"Oh! don't, don't sell them, sir; for mercy's sake keep them a little while longer. I shall be able to redeem them. I shall, indeed."

"What is bid for them?" continued the auctioneer.

"Do not bid!" almost shrieked the girl. "I had to pawn them to get bread for my little sister; it is my mother's miniature and my mother's hair which that locket contains—my poor, dear mother, who gave it to me when she was dying. Oh! do not sell it—pray don't."

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced by this appeal among that assemblage. There was not a solitary bid for the articles

Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1848.

THE METHODIST MINISTRY.

ITS VARIOUS CLASSES, WANTS, LIABILITIES, &c.

We seldom say anything on the peculiar functions of our ministerial brethren, believing as we do that they are better able to appreciate their responsibilities than we are to describe them. But we wish to submit a few familiar remarks on the different classes of our pastorate, their respective circumstances, liabilities, &c. Our ministry may be comprehended in three general classes. The first, and we will say the most important, includes the mass of our itinerant laborers, from mediocrity downward. As a whole, we believe a more interesting body of pastors can hardly be found in Christendom than this section of the Methodist ministry. It consists, generally, of men drawn from the humbler pursuits of life, whose theology is derived chiefly from their personal experience and their personal study of the Scriptures. They form a substantial, effective, zealous, and most productive body of moral laborers. They have wrought most of the great work of Methodism in the land. There are two or three circumstances pertaining to this class which we would notice.

From the manner in which their numbers are replenished there can be but little hope of their progressive adaptation to the changing wants of the times; called directly, as they have usually been, from the plough or workshop, and their subsequent time being crowded with pastoral labors, how can it be expected that they can improve themselves correspondingly with the great intellectual demands of their office and the age? Hence, notwithstanding they form the most substantial and noble portion of our ministry, achieving the hardest labors and the greatest good, yet, generally speaking, they toil through their lives without the support and without that species of secondary, but very important influence which education always guarantees even to moderate natural abilities. In the earlier periods of the church and the country, the extensive circuits (allowing the same discourses to be repeated through six weeks or two months) and the less advanced, or at least less fastidious intelligence of the community, obviated many of the difficulties which now press heavily upon this portion of our brethren; but the division and subdivision of the field into petty stations, and the universal sectarian competition of the day, reduce them to the necessity of almost insupportable labor, in the study, to make up the deficiency of their education, combined with unremitting toil in the church to prevent the inroads of proselyting competitors. Three results ensue:

1. Many sink under their burdens. We have a startling amount of broken constitutions, a surprising and growing list of supernatural men.

2. Many locate. Any one who will trace through the alphabetical list appended to the last vol. of Bangs' History of the Church, will be astonished at the proportion of locations.

3. The great proportion of locations renders a process of continued recruiting necessary; hence our ministry is the most juvenile in the land, perhaps the world. Look over any of our Conferences assembled, and you will be struck with this fact. About the time that our preachers begin to ripen into vigorous maturity of age and character, they generally retire to the local ranks.

What are the remedies? There are several.

1. We must follow the example of our English brethren, who provide a preliminary literary training for their candidates, thus saving them from the subsequent excess of study which ruins the health of so many of our men. New England is making this provision with encouraging success.

2. We must improve our means of support. The literary improvement just mentioned will tend more than any thing else to secure this: an educated ministry will always find a support among an intelligent population.

3. These improvements will prevent the almost general custom (for such it must be called) of locating, and thus secure to us the ripened experience and vigor of a strong middle aged ministry.

Another class of our ministry, but much more limited than the above, consists of men of rare natural genius or unusual acquirements: the great men of the church, who are by consequence generally the popular men of the pulpit. In England such men as Benson, Clarke, Watson, Newton, and Bunting, have stood thus, paramount to the average grade; in this country Sumnerfield, Fisk, Ruter, Emory, Olin, Durbin and not a few others, have taken a similar rank. A truly great man is a great gift of God to a community, and the moral power with which great talents invests a good man is one of the sublimest attributes to be found out of heaven. We remark of this class,

1. That it has pleased God to favor our cause from the beginning with extraordinary examples of such guiding minds. The Wesleys, Fletchers, Coke, Asbury, and those above named, with others of similar character, have stood prominently on the watch-tower of our Zion through all her struggles down to the present day. We doubt indeed if any other church in this country has possessed such a series of truly remarkable preachers as has distinguished our short history. There is something in the genius of Methodism adapted to develop really great capacities into gigantic dimensions.

2. This class of our laborers has been remarkably characterized by purity of character and great devotion to our cause; what men have been more so than those above named? With few exceptions we have been saved from that severest curse, the blighting influence of great but perverted talents.

3. The church has always fully recognized and duly honored such men. She has understood that genius and all great talents are God's choice benefactions to a people. Their brethren of the class first described, the average laborious and suffering mass, have generally and cordially sustained them, have opened wide the career of their usefulness, and assigned them gladly the prominent responsibilities to which pre-eminent talents are entitled by the natural right of their inherent adaptation to and providential design for them. No man in the land can superior talents find freer scope and fuller respect and sympathy than in ours. Our economy, however rigorous, does not operate against the free play of talent; nay, its ever changing and distributive appropriation of the gifts of the ministry seems to us a mighty means of their invigoration and the enlargement of their field of usefulness.

4. We would remark most emphatically, that the continued success of this important class of our ministerial brethren, and indeed the purity of the church itself to a great extent depend upon the maintenance by them of that personal and humble piety, devotion to our common cause, and simplicity of character—a simplicity always congenial with true greatness, which have marked so admirably the great leaders of our cause above named. These brethren generally are the models imitated by our junior ministry, and it cannot be denied that some thus classed have set a lamentable example of sophomoric superficiality and fanaticism. Their position exposes them to mutual competitions, and in this day of multiplied public offices in the church, to ambitious aims and self-seeking. Let these once pervade the leading men of the church, and corruption will come in upon us like a flood. We hope it will not be misunderstood, when we say

that we often have deep anxieties for our cause, in this respect; that we conceive its chief danger to lie in this direction. God grant that our popular men may be distinguished by consecrated greatness, may be examples of the spirit of our fathers, preferring one another in honor and excelling in labors.

There is another class of our fellow laborers of which we would speak with all possible respect. Having neither the chief defects nor the chief excellencies of the first class, they are likewise destitute of the intrinsic advantages of the truly great men of the ministry. We refer not to such as are devoted and useful mediocrities, for these are included in the first class, but to those amiable, respectable, somewhat polished men, who hover between mediocrity and superiority without being decidedly assignable to either; a class not easily described, but easily recognizable by the reader. They are not unfrequently marked by excessive fastidiousness, by appearances, manners and pulpit address; matters which the hearty laborer of the first class deems well enough, but not worthy of extraordinary attention amidst his struggling duties, and which the second class find to come about fully enough without much anxious attention. There are two sections in this class; the larger one consists of quite acceptable, instructive, and uniformly, though not over zealously devoted men. The smaller section is composed of men who have made a grand mistake in entering the ministry. Without extraordinary abilities, they are forever repining that they are not appreciated, as if it were possible for real ability to appeal long to public attention without being perceived. Their fine nerves are often shocked by the *mal appropos*, but well designed zeal of strong voiced or strong hearted worshippers. Their preaching, generally and finally nice, is sometimes noticeably superior, but their sermons on such occasions are very apt to be found in printed volumes by unreasonable priors into books; they see not in the unparalleled effectiveness of their itinerancy any compensations for its trying changes; disgusted in their refined sensibilities, they sometimes retreat from the hard conflict and sink away into inglorious ease for life.

Dropping this sub-division and speaking of the third class as a whole, we remark:

1. Their capital defect is that they fail to receive into their souls strongly and profoundly, the true idea, the characteristic spirit of Methodism. Whoever becomes imbued with the genius of Methodism, (i. e., "Christianity in earnest") we care not what his talents or tastes may be, will be made a strong, decided, large hearted man; will love labor, will submit to self-sacrifice, will scorn cowardice, will sympathize with the neglected masses, and like Christ and the great spirits of the Apostles, will rejoice to preach the Gospel to the poor.

2. The preaching of this class is liable to be of a general character; to lose sight of those distinctive, life-giving peculiarities of our theology, which it has been our providential mission to revive—powerful faith, thorough and immediate conversion, the witness of the Spirit, entire sanctification, &c. No man can preach these powerful truths sincerely without becoming powerful himself. But the class of whom we speak do not generally preach them directly and pungently. They appear in no strong contrast with the clergymen of other churches who hold to no such decided views. The Methodist ministry has had its own peculiar character; its preaching has been in demonstration of the Spirit and of power; God forbid that it should ever lose its old conquering energy.

3. It is among this class that defections from our ministry into more respectable denominations (so considered) chiefly take place. The first described class are generally too earnest in the convictions of duty, and too little hopeful of acceptance elsewhere to think of such changes; the truly great men among us comprehend too well the capacity and glory of our mission to feel powerfully such temptations; very few of them have ever shown this recent spirit. To the class we are now describing, the much that is repugnant in the practical details of a Methodist preacher's life, is not counterbalanced by a large comprehension of the missionary greatness of our scheme. Christ and his apostles chose to preach among the poor, and the really great mind feels that its highest field of moral achievement is among the masses; but there are men occasionally found in our own ranks to whom this sort of taste appears quite a shocking mistake; respectability seeking men, whose sensibilities revolt at the rude but honest traits of the untutored multitude, and to whose refined thoughts, "genteel" and "respectable" congregations, and beautiful gothic temples, solemn liturgical services, snug parsonages and salaries, smacking of not only comfort, but petty luxury, are most blissful visions. What kind of apostles would such men have made had they lived in Christ's day? Would they have recognized "Jesus of Nazareth"? Alas, for them!

But let us not bear down too hard upon them; to be tempted is not a sin, it is consent to temptation that renders us guilty. There is doubtless much plausibility and power in such temptations. Few of our preachers, perhaps, have not felt their fascination. Many have found themselves yielding, but have rallied heroically, and identified themselves with poverty, suffering and toil for life, rather than turn recalcitrant. Dr. Coke wished to unite himself and us all to another church. Richard Watson left the Wesleys, but returned again regretting his error; Dr. Fisk had an early disposition to join the church to which most who leave our ministry go, but on experiencing the blessing of sanctification he wrote an emphatic expression of gratitude to God that he was never allowed to desert his Methodist brethren.

We admit amidst our perilous toils and privations as Methodist preachers, these temptations (for such we soberly believe them to be) are very natural and alluring. We have learned this power by experience; in the first days of our ministry when failing in health, clogged with debt and oppressed with incessant labors, and when the church alluded to was yet uncorrupted by Puseyism, and did not even insist upon high prelatious notions on the part of the neophyte—the thought of its refinement, its competence, the learned leisure and professional respectability of its clergy, its impressive ritual and its comparative orthodoxy, constrained in us some longing thoughts towards it; opportune to such thoughts were with us, as is usual with others, proselyting friends to open the way and argue down all scruples; they could prove to us general, and almost Methodist orthodoxy; an imposing historical character, an unparalleled liturgy, a fair compromise on secondary and merely traditional pretensions (otherwise now-a-days, however), but when most other obstacles could be removed, or at least masked—there was always one which we think the respect due to a large, and the best portion of the Protestant world, as well as his self-respect, should render insurmountable to a right minded man, viz, that the candidate, however venerable and useful a clergyman he may have been, must belie his whole former clerical character and ordination, and by implication those also of his brethren and most other sects of Protestant Christendom, by submitting to a new probation and a re-ordination. This seems to us a gravitation and a re-ordination. There are other difficulties, and much worse ones now-a-days, which did not formerly exist; the high-churchism, the tendencies to Popery and the administrative corruptions which have been developed in the favorite church of most of our deserters, have thoroughly alarmed many of its best clergy and laymen. However attractive its altars might once have been, we cannot understand how a con-

scientious man, of clear discernment, can now venture from the bosom of an evangelical church into such a vicinage of Popery without risk to the safety of himself and his family.

4. We remark, further, that if the better sort in this class of our ministry would seek to appreciate more the peculiarities of Methodism, and become more imbued with its effective spirit, they would find a cordial acceptance and a comfortable position in our work. There is unquestionably a definite sphere, daily enlarging for a similar class of laborers among us; but they that would occupy it, they in fact who would occupy any sphere among us—who would not be cast down and ground to powder by our potent machinery—must be made strong, if not by great abilities, at least by the genius, the spirit of our system. No man is fit to be a Methodist preacher who is unfit to be a hero or a martyr.

We have already prolonged this article too much, but we conclude with a question which ought never to resound in the ears of Christ's ambassadors, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This body commenced its twenty-ninth Conference on Wednesday, the 7th of June, in Leeds. The greatest peace and harmony prevailed through the various sittings, and the reports from the different circuits evinced a state of increasing prosperity which was deemed highly satisfactory, especially so, considering that the last year was one of great commercial depression. It appeared that the loss occasioned by emigration, removals, and 1,336 deaths of members, had been more than made up. The following are the statistical returns for the year:

Members,	89,401	being an increase of	5,906
Unconverted preachers,	5,105	"	216
Local preachers,	8,956	"	348
Class leaders,	5,228	"	52
Consecrated chapels,	1,473	"	52
Retired, and other places,	2,482	"	142
Parsonages,	1,136	"	52
Gratuitous teachers,	16,419	"	1,428
Sunday scholars,	57,273	"	3,707

Religious services in connexion with the Conference were held in Leeds and the neighborhood, both in the chapels and the open air.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S.

We find in the Philadelphia Presbyterian the following statistics of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S.:

	1847.	1848.
Synods in connexion with General Assembly—		
Presbyteries,	22	22
Candidates for the Ministry,	343	273
Licentiates,	521	521
Ministers,	1713	1863
Students,	5676	5676
During these years, there were		
Ordinations,	89	71
Installations,	64	61
Churches received from other bodies,	72	76
Churches disestablished,	22	22
Churches received from other denominations,	44	60
Ministers gone to other denominations,	15	37
Members added to the Church on examination,	7	5
Members added to the Church on certificate,	7699	8551
Adults baptized,	5673	6184
Children baptized,	1794	2238
Whole number of communicants reported,	172,451	192,022
Amount contributed for religious purposes,	\$310,164.51	\$230,260.05

In 1839, the year after the great secession from the church, the whole number of ministers reported as remaining, was 1,243; of churches, 1,833; and of communicants, 128,043. The increase, therefore, of the church, in the eight years since, has been, 560 ministers, 635 churches, and 63,979 communicants. There has been also a like increase of candidates for the ministry. Then there were 198, now there are 373. The amount then raised for religious purposes was \$123,436.97; the past year, \$336,220.05. Increase, \$212,783.08.

AN IMPORTANT ENTERPRISE.

A Missionary operation at large among Seamen in the port of Boston, was commenced on the 1st of April last, by Capt. T. V. Sullivan, formerly a shipmaster, and more recently a laborer in the Seamen's cause on the Western waters. The design of the mission is to supply an auxiliary missionary agency in aid of the religious and benevolent Institutions for Seamen existing in the city, and extend more widely the benefits thereof, to those for whom they were designed. Some progress has been made in the work. An Office has been opened, easy of access to mariners, at No. 8 Long Wharf, (opposite the Custom House), and a printed Circular issued, setting forth the objects of the Mission, which is being extensively distributed among mariners. Vessels have been visited, and supplied with the Scriptures and religious tracts in different languages, and the larger class of vessels furnished with files of papers, miscellaneous and religious books, temperance and peace publications, obtained from a variety of sources. Religious conversation has been held with Seamen, and the Scriptures and religious tracts distributed. The sick have been sought out, and the destitute cared for and relieved. Interest has been awakened in behalf of the Bethels, the Homes, and the Savings Bank, by statements of fact in relation to these Institutions. The observance of the Sabbath has been promoted, and the Sabbath Manual circulated. The Missionary has found favor with those who have long labored in the Seamen's cause in this city, and is received by mariners with the respect and kindness that belong to his office. No difficulty is found to exist in obtaining vessels of every class for Bethel worship on the Sabbath, owners and shipmasters, with scarce an exception, favoring such efforts. The Sabbath meetings have frequently drawn together from fifty to a hundred or more persons, most of them seamen, whose demeanor has been respectful and solemn.

But the good work cannot be carried on without aid. The first want may be stated as follows: The Mission contemplates among its principal objects the doing good to seamen while at sea, where they spend the largest portion of their sea-going lives; and proposes as one of the means to so desirable an end, (in connection with *Ship's Libraries* to be paid for), to supply vessels *gratuitously* with suitable reading matter. The following list comprises the class of Publications deemed most desirable for circulation:—

THE BIBLE.—School Books generally, including the elementary and those of the higher departments of study in all languages, together with treatise on Navigation, Meteorology and kindred subjects; S. S. and Bible Class Question Books and S. S. Books generally; Hymn and Singing Books; Voyages, Travels, Discoveries, History and Biography; Miscellaneous Books of a moral, religious or instructive character; files of Religious, Temperance and other Papers; together with Periodicals, Missionary Magazines, and Pamphlets generally. It is believed that thousands of Publications as above described, which have done good service in years past on shore, and are now lying idle, may be gathered together and sent out on a new mission of usefulness to the ocean.

Individuals having such to bestow, will please send them to the Office of the Mission, No. 8 Long Wharf. The second want may be stated in few words, it is—substance for the Missionary and his family, that he may devote himself unreservedly to his work. The third want, is *prayer on behalf of the Mission*. The following gentlemen act as a Provisional Committee, in connection with the Mission, and will hold themselves responsible for the judicious disbursement of all monies that may be given to sustain the mission, and will report their doings from time to time to the public.

Josiah Bacon, Marine Hospital, Chelsea. Clement Drew, 8 Court Street. Aaron D. Breed, 166 Broad Street. James Kettell, 75 Long Wharf. Christopher T. Bayley, Broad Street. William Blake, 47 Allen Street. Pliny Nickerson, 12 Commercial Wharf. John Gove, Corner Ann and Barrett Streets. Frederick D. Allen, 42 Milk Street, Treasurer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRIP TO BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Penitentiary—Tories—Convicts.

While at Baltimore we visited the Penitentiary, and by the politeness of the warden were conducted through nearly all the apartments. He gave us at the same time several important items of intelligence. Here we gazed upon the spot where the unfortunate Torrey closed his earthly career. They spoke of him as a good man and true, and a man of unyielding integrity. There are about three hundred convicts in the prison, and only four of them sentenced for life. Thirty-two are females, with four or five small children, born in prison! The building and entire accommodations certainly do honor to the State of Maryland and the various officers in charge. All is kept in good repair, cleanly, well ventilated, and looks to the comfort of the inmates. In their prison discipline they have adopted the "congregate system;" the convicts labor together in the same room, from six to twelve or more, according to the size of the apartment. This seems to be less favorable to their improvement in morals than the solitary system. When they are laboring alone, separate from each other, they have no opportunity of learning each other's feats of wickedness; but if they mingle together, they form a kind of school where the novice soon becomes theoretically skillful in criminal tactics. But where the individual is alone, shut up to his own cogitations, so that all he hears or sees is from the clergyman and those who seek his improvement, it is far more probable that all the designs of imprisonment will be secured. In the Penitentiary at Alleghany, (Penn.), where they have adopted the "solitary system," I conversed with an intelligent criminal—a notorious burglar and pickpocket—who had been imprisoned five times before, and consequently had not a little experience under the different systems of prison discipline, and he stated, though under the sentence of ten years' solitary confinement, that no criminal would be likely to improve in morals under the "congregate system."

But to return to Baltimore. About one-half the convicts and colored persons, many of whom had spent their earlier days where the legislator had "fettered his subjects, in the disposal of the fruit of their toil," shut them out from the means of intelligence, and paralyzed their efforts for improvement. Others had emigrated from a land where all crimes are said to be pardoned for money! And it is marvelous that under such circumstances poor human nature should yield to the clamors of vitiated propensities?

Then look at the multiplying temptations set before such men by the dealers in alcoholic poison, which will qualify individuals for any work the devil wishes them to do. Oh, when will intemperance, slavery and Popery cease their work of death? Not one in ten of the convicts at Baltimore ever learned a trade, or could read or write their names, and nine-tenths of them were led there by intemperate habits! In whose garments is found the blood of their souls? Not one in an hundred had ever been pious, though a few had professed piety since their imprisonment; but the warden observed, there was little confidence to be placed in their professions, as they were often made to invite a release from their confinement. One of them long since related an interesting religious experience to a clergyman who visited him, and at the close of his remarks, added, "don't you think I ought to be pardoned out?"

The most of them seemed cheerful and apparently reconciled to their situation. They exhibited, generally, strong marks of mental imbecility. There were a few intelligent looking countenances, but they seemed pensive and heart-broken, and were disinclined to meet the eye of a stranger.

More anon. A MAINE DELEGATE.

TRIP TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Route from Uniontown to Brownsville—Passage down the Monongahela—Braddock's Battle Ground—History of the Battle—Braddock's Grave—Arrival at Pittsburgh.

May 7, 1848.

In the morning we proceeded by stage from Uniontown to Brownsville, the distance of about twelve miles, where we reached the Monongahela and took the steambot for Pittsburgh. Our morning journey was one of the most delightful I ever experienced. We had a fine view of the country through which we passed, and which, for fertility of soil and picturesqueness of scenery, can hardly be surpassed. After spending an hour or two at Brownsville—a place of some business, though it may be greatly improved in its external appearance—we commenced our passage down the Monongahela. Our boat was well fitted up, table well supplied, and the conduct of the officers and hands on board was well calculated to render our passage agreeable.

As you pass down this river, you see much that is interesting. Hill and dale meet the eye from almost every point. We saw much fine land for agriculture, and it had the appearance of being well improved. The coal mines, on both sides of the river, were judiciously worked. The coal is easily obtained from the hills—the hills here consist principally of coal—and by a simple process is placed in boats made of rough boards, in which it is conveyed down the river. The coal business furnishes employment for a large portion of the inhabitants in these parts.

Braddock's battle ground was pointed out to us. This spot excited much interest. Here the British and American Colonial troops under General Braddock were defeated; here that brave, but self-conceited General lost his life; here Washington and many other Americans who afterwards took a prominent part in our Revolution, engaged in their first bloody contest; and here the first battle was fought, near the Ohio, in the war which arose out of the conflicting claims of France and Great Britain to this beautiful valley. As we gazed on this memorable place, we could but think how many brave men fell there! Perhaps a short history of this battle may not be uninteresting.

Mr. Sparks, in his Life and Writings of Washington, says, "The defeat of General Braddock, on the banks of the Monongahela, is one of the most remarkable events in American history. Great preparations had been made for the expedition under that experienced officer, and there was the most sanguine anticipation, both in England and America, of its entire success. Such was the confidence in the prowess of Braddock's army, according to Dr. Franklin, that, while he was on his march to Fort Duquesne, a subscription paper was handed about in Philadelphia to raise money to celebrate his victory by bonfires and illuminations, as soon as the intelligence should arrive. When, therefore, the news of his total defeat and overthrow went abroad, the effect produced on the public mind was like the shock of an earthquake, unexpected and astounding. Of the possibility of such an issue no one had dreamed, and the expressions of surprise, as well as of disappointment, were loud and universal."

Braddock landed in Virginia, on the 20th of Feb.

1755, with two regiments, both consisting of one thousand men. He received large additional strength in this country, both as to men, and military supplies and provisions. The General proceeded from Alexandria, his first headquarters, to Wills Creek, where he arrived in May. Here his army amounted to about two thousand men. Dr. Franklin, by his personal services among the Pennsylvania farmers, furnished means for the removal of the army from this place. On the 8th of July, the General arrived near the junction of the Youghiogony and Monongahela Rivers. Here Col. Washington, then but a youth, joined a division of the army. The officers and soldiers were elated with the thought that they should victoriously enter Fort Duquesne, a French fort, now about fifteen miles distant. "Early on the morning of the 9th," says the writer above quoted, "all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river, and proceeded in perfect order along the Southern margin of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say, during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld, was the beautiful display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was beautifully dressed in full uniform; the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order; the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on the right, and the deep forest overshadowed them, with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspired with cheering hopes and confident expectations."

"In this manner they marched forward till about noon, when they arrived at the second crossing place, ten miles from Fort Duquesne. They halted but a little time, and then began to ford the river and regain its Northern bank. As soon as they had crossed, they came upon a level plain, elevated but a few feet above the surface of the river, and extending Northward nearly half a mile from its margin. They commenced a gradual ascent at an angle of about three degrees, which terminated in hills of a considerable height, at no great distance beyond. The road from the fording place to the Fort led across the plain and up this ascent, and thence proceeded through an uneven country, at that time covered with woods."

"At one o'clock the whole had crossed the river, and almost at this moment a sharp firing was heard upon the advanced parties, who were now ascending the hill. A heavy discharge of musketry was poured into their front, which was the first intelligence they had of the proximity of an enemy, and this was suddenly followed by another on the right flank. They were filled with great consternation, as no enemy was in sight, and firing seemed to proceed from an invisible foe. They fired in their turn, however, but quite at random, and obviously without effect, as the enemy kept up a discharge in quick and continued succession."

"The General advanced speedily to the relief of these detachments; but before he could reach the spot which they occupied, they gave way and fell back upon the artillery and the other columns of the army, causing extreme confusion, and striking the whole mass with such a panic that no order could afterwards be restored. The General and the officers behaved with the utmost courage, and used every effort to rally the men, and bring them to order, but all in vain. In this state they continued nearly three hours, huddling together in confused bodies, very irregularly, shooting down their own officers and men, and doing no perceptible harm to the enemy. The Virginia provincials were the only troops who seemed to retain their senses, and they behaved with a bravery and resolution worthy a better fate. They adopted the Indians' mode, and fought each man for himself, behind a tree. This was prohibited by the General, who endeavored to form his men into platoons and columns, as if they had been manœuvring on the plains of Flanders. Meantime the French and Indians, concealed in the ravines and behind trees, kept up a deadly and unceasing discharge of musketry, singling out their objects, taking deliberate aim, and producing a carnage almost unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. More than half of the whole army which had crossed the river in so proud an array only three hours before, were killed or wounded; the General himself had received a mortal wound, and many of his best officers had fallen by his side."

"In describing the action a few days afterwards, Col. Orme wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania: 'The men were so extremely dead to the exhortation of the General and the officers, that they fired away in the most irregular manner all their ammunition, provision, and baggage; nor could they be persuaded to stop till they got as far as Gist's plantation, nor there only in part, many of them proceeding as far as Col. Dunbar's party, who lay six miles on this side. The officers were actually sacrificed by their good behavior, sometimes advancing in bodies, sometimes separately, hoping by such example to engage the soldiers to follow them, but to no purpose. The General had five horses shot under him, and at last received a wound through his right arm into his lungs, of which he died on the 13th inst. Captain Shirley was shot through the head; Sec. Morris wounded. Col. W. Washington had two horses shot under him, and his clothes shot through in several places, behaving the whole time with the greatest courage and resolution. Sir Peter Halket was killed on the spot. Col. Burton and Sir John St. Clair were wounded. In addition to these, the other field officers wounded were Lieut. Col. Gage, (afterwards so well known as the commander of the British force in Boston, at the beginning of the Revolution.) Col. Orme, Maj. Sparks, and Maj. Halket. Ten captains were killed, and five wounded; fifteen lieutenants killed, and twenty-two wounded; the whole number of officers in the engagement was eighty-six, of whom twenty-six were killed, and thirty-seven wounded. The killed and wounded of the privates amounted to seven hundred and fourteen. Of these, at least one-half were supposed to be killed. The bodies left on the field of action were stripped and scalped by the Indians. All the artillery, ammunition, provisions and baggage, everything in the train of the army, fell into the enemy's hands, and were given up to be pillaged by the savages. Gen. Braddock's papers were also taken, among which were his instructions and correspondence with the ministry after his arrival in Virginia. The same fate befel the papers of Col. Washington, a private journal of his official correspondence during his campaign of the preceding year."

"It is not probable that either Gen. Braddock or any of his officers suspected the actual situation of the enemy, during the whole of the bloody contest. It was a fault in the General, for which no apology can be offered, that he did not keep scouts and guards in advance, and on the wings of his army, who would have made all proper discoveries, before the whole had been brought into the snare. This neglect was the primary cause of his defeat, which might have been avoided. Had he charged with the bayonet, the ravines would have been cleared instantly; or had he brought his artillery to the points where the ravines terminated in the valley, and secured them with grape-shot, the same consequence would have followed. But the total insubordination of his troops would have prevented both these movements, even if he had become acquainted with the ground in the early part of the action. The disasters of this day, and the fate of the commander, brave and resolute as the undoubtedly was, are to be ascribed to his contempt of Indian warfare; his overweening confidence in the prowess of his veteran troops; his obstinate self-complacency; his disregard of prudent counsel; and his negligence in leaving the army exposed to a surprise on the march. He freely consulted Col. Washington, whose experience and judgment, notwithstanding his youth, claimed the highest respect for his opinions; but the General gave little heed to his advice."

Gen. Braddock was buried in the road for the purpose of concealing his body from the Indians. We saw the place. A board nailed to a tree, bearing the significant words "Braddock's Grave," points the traveller to the spot where lie the bones of this unfortunate commander. It is within a mile of the present National Road, and about a mile West of Fort Necessity."

We arrived in Pittsburgh about six o'clock Saturday evening, and found good accommodations with a very kind and hospitable family.

More anon. ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

THE LUTHERAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY. Their clerical congregations under the emigration, and 3,000,000, and theological schools, and about 150 young men in New England by Rev. Mr. Newcomb. Their clerical congregations under the emigration, and 3,000,000, and theological schools, and about 150 young men in New England by Rev. Mr. Newcomb.

An important circular from New England by Rev. Mr. Newcomb. Their clerical congregations under the emigration, and 3,000,000, and theological schools, and about 150 young men in New England by Rev. Mr. Newcomb.

DR. BUSHNELL'S DISCOURSE.

Dr. Bushnell's appointment to deliver the Annual Sermon before the Divinity School at Cambridge the present year produced no little interest. He fulfilled the appointment on Sunday evening, July 9. The discourse was on the nature of the Atonement, and was distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of the preacher's mind—it was original, speculative, and elaborate. It is to be published, and we predict will please no Theological party. If we comprehend him rightly, the Doctor does not believe in the vicarious and expiatory character of Christ's sufferings, but at the same time denies the Socinian and Arian doctrines of atonement. He believes that the intention of Christ's death was the moral influence of it, merely as an exhibition of Divine love.

A SLANDER.

The Methodist Protestant, of Baltimore, reads an article about us with the startling caption "Rev. A. Stevens, D. D." Now if we ever wrote any thing in earnest we did so under the name of "The Editor," and not under the name of "Rev. A. Stevens, D. D." that next to having a pair of the long ears of a certain venerable animal stuck upon our head, we should dread having the title of D. D. tacked on to our name. We approve of discriminative literary titles to some extent; and admit that even D. D. may sometimes be appropriate, especially in the learned offices of the church, but while some of our institutions exercise due caution in conferring it, by the overweening liberality of others the title has become a literary nuisance, almost a pedantic label on the wearer of it; and any clergyman of tolerable abilities may now-a-days feel quite as sure of respect without it as with it. We hope if these remarks are considered deprecatory of any such honor to ourselves, they will not on that account be deemed presumptuous—there is no presumption in them; for really no man can feel himself safe from the overwhelming generosity of American colleges. Any blockhead may wake up of a morning and find himself dubbed. Suetonius scores a Roman Emperor for dubbing his horse as a consul; we do worse than the imperial fool, we dub Jackasses.

Below we give some of Rev. A. Stevens' Characteristic Sketches of Methodist Preachers. By doing so we no doubt gratify many of our readers, and from intimations in the last Zion's Herald, their author as well—Christian Repository, Philadelphia.

The last phrase of this paragraph is capable of a double meaning. The following is the passage in the Herald referred to, expressing our gratification:

THE CHRISTIAN REPOSITORY, (Philadelphia), copies all our "Characteristic Sketches," (except those relating to "Southern visitors"), filling some four columns with them; we would have been somewhat more obliged to our Philadelphia brother if he had copied into his report of the proceedings of the General Conference our defence against the attack of the brother brethren. The Repository and the ZION'S ADVOCATE were the only Methodist papers which thought it expedient to omit that part of the proceedings.

This is certainly a new way of expressing one's gratification.

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN MISSION.—Rev. J. J. Lenhart, of New Jersey Conference, and Chaplain in U. S. Navy, writes to the Christian Repository as follows: "I spent a very pleasant and profitable time in my ten or twelve days visit at Buenos Ayres, with brother and sister Lore. They are very comfortably situated, and are much beloved by the people. The congregation is respectable for size and intelligence, and I am happy to add, I believe there is much of real piety among those who make a profession of religion. I tried to preach twice for Br. Lore on the Sabbath I spent with him."

RESPONSE TO "AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY."

BY AN ITINERANT.

And it is true, that of some things
 And seem to doubt his being old? At three score
 And demerit me, and in eight more has
 Passed his right, and taken full possession.
 As sentence, "worn out," we linger on the walls,
 And vainly survey the progress of the war;
 Zion imperiously looks up in prayer and tears;
 Her face is pale, and her eyes are dim with grief.
 We see the means of our defence prepared,
 But seem to find no adequate enterprise.
 Like one of old we're tempted to complain,
 "Has many gone? and has the promise failed?
 "Has God forgotten?"—but hush our doubts,
 And lay the charge to our "infirmities."
 And come up, Memory, to rehearse the years
 Of his right hand of glorious grace triumphant.
 The inspiration from our pained brains,
 As brilliant fire ruminates the past.
 Talk thy of danger far beyond the time,
 Of rare improvements to annoy the foe?
 In prospect we sing of slings and stones,
 Of proud Goliath's fall, of willing captives
 Prostrate supplicants at mercy's shrine,
 And he again to bear the thunders of his power,
 And Zion's ravine sing again for joy.
 But tremble for the Ark if straggling
 In "Saul's armor" meet the foe?
 But cheer, my brother, the battle is the Lord's;
 The Ark is safe, while from the cherubim,
 A mighty voice directs the march of troops.
 We trust in Him who gave his word and oath
 For our support. It has thus far sustained,
 And still we feel in power and confidence.
 In quietness and rest shall be our strength,
 Till our discharge is won, and these wrecked
 Wheels of weary life stand still.

*Psalm 77: 7-12.

SONGS.

For the Alumni Gathering at Wilbraham, June 29, 1868.

BY MRS. E. E. MARCY.

Welcome to our festive board,
 Brothers welcome home;
 Kindred hearts are waiting you,
 To the banquet room.

From the battle field of life,
 Brothers welcome home;
 From its din and toll and strife,
 To the banquet room.

Alas! Mater calls her sons,
 Brothers welcome home;
 With your laurels laid down,
 To the banquet room.

Cherished ones! 'tis here the spot,
 Brothers welcome home;
 Call the bright "For-gotten-ones,"
 To the banquet room.

Where the fair Acadia grows,
 Brothers welcome home;
 Bear the Olive and the Rose;
 To the banquet room.

Brightly light the golden chain,
 Brothers welcome home;
 Join ye heart and hand again,
 To the banquet room.

*Friendship. †Peace. ‡Affection.

Ho! from the fair sunny South,
 The realm of wealth and ease;
 Far to the North, where sternly move
 The men of high resolve:
 Where hoarse Atlantic's surges shake
 New England's rock-bound shore;
 Or where the furrowed plow
 Their harvest's golden store.

Ho! gathered far and wide we come,
 A firm and gallant band,
 Of dauntless soul and purpose strong,
 United heart and hand;
 We greet the sturdy, bearded track,
 Ambition, strife and power,
 Right joyfully returning back
 To Academe's bower.

Ho! to the shrine where first we sought
 Fair Science's mystic store;
 Or, by the midnight lamp pale
 Our orient lamp;
 To trace the ray of wisdom's light,
 Where first its blossoms grew;
 And strike again the cordial hand,
 Of Friendship firm and true.

PARENTS.

HINTS TO PARENTS, ETC.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

In the estimation of very many in these days of railroads and magnetic telegraphs—of rapid thinking, invention and execution—of astonishing development and marvellous display—the maxims of philosophy and the precepts of the Bible are old and threadbare; so stale, indeed, that romance-seekers and the gormandizers of polite literature cannot endure their plainness and simplicity, or submit to what is called the rigidity of their discipline. We would gladly retain such erring mortals, especially fathers and mothers; but most likely they must bide their time and finish their course. Domestic habits, and literary habits of this kind are generally like imperishable habits—hard to cure. Not that the thing is impossible, but exceedingly difficult; not hopeless, to be sure, but attended with immense discouragement. Hence we must aim quite as much at prevention as cure, perhaps more. What we say, then, in this article is directed especially to young parents—those who are rearing up around them a circle of candidates for immortality. Let us speak a word to you on a subject which, it may be, you have not properly considered,—the moral and religious education of your children. Do not be alarmed. We are not going to write a homily, preceptive and dilative, on a sapless, withered subject, but we wish to throw out a few thoughts fresh and warm from the heart, instinct with the life of truth, and animate with the fire of reality and importance.

First of all, dedicate your children to God. Do so at their birth; do so in your closet, and at the family altar; do so every day. Then govern your children, and do it every day; and while they are yet young, very young, take them to the house of God, and learn their young feet to frequent the courts of Jehovah's holiness as constantly as your own. This is a thought we would emphasize. Take young children to church, and train them up under the shadow of the Almighty. On the Sabbath, certainly, let them, like Samuel, live in the sanctuary. This ought to be done; it can be done; and more, as we hope for the salvation of coming generations, it must be done.

Of course, to succeed in this great duty will require patient and persevering labor. The child must be previously instructed. Its mind must be informed, its judgment enlightened, its imagination excited, and by some means, and all means if necessary, it must be made to understand the nature, obligation, and glorious results of divine worship. The enlightened Christian mother, and the devout Christian father will not lack for expedients to inspire in the child or children God has given them, an early love and reverence for the house of God. They will not only "point to heaven, but lead the way." Children soon learn how much their parents fear God and love the Savior. They

are quick to perceive whether father and mother value the place of prayer, and what kind of estimate they put upon the holy sanctuary. Looks, words, actions, arrangements of business, oblation of difficulties, and a resolute annihilation of all unreasonable excuses, declare distinctly where is the parent's heart in reference to religion and its duties. And children understand this language; ay, the little creatures are deeply skilled in all these modes of expression and developments of thought and sentiment. Then live right before them; pray for and with them; lead them to the Redeemer's temple; teach them to reverence that holy place in all its associations and services, and with God's blessing on your endeavors, they will not only delight in the psalmody of the earthly tabernacle, but seek a meetness for the society and songs of the "general assembly and church of the first-born." And what an object is this for the parent to gain! A child religiously trained, early converted, devoted through life, and finally housed in heaven! Or it may be a large circle of them, and then so much the better! The triumph will be greater, the song of salvation sweeter, and heaven more precious.

There is certainly no sight on earth to compare with that of a Christian family. Everything is symmetrical and happy at home. There God is honored, and there the purest morality shines. See that same family bowing reverently in the church! Not scattered over the church, the parents in the pew and the children in the gallery, or somewhere else; but all in the appropriate place, breathing praise and prayer, to Him who has ordained the blessed relations of time and eternity.

Assuredly, this is a scene which the inhabitants of the unseen world may contemplate with rapturous delight, and hope ere long to welcome that family to their own sweet rest.

CASTING DOWN OF THRONES.

BY ALBERT BARNES, D. D.

The "casting down of thrones" is, and is to be, connected with freedom in the true sense—the freedom of all, and with the introduction of a period when all shall rule over men. So far as the demolition of royal hereditary power goes to emancipate one man, it goes to emancipate all; so far as it raises one to the dignity of a free man, it, in principle, raises all; so far as it opens to the view of any man the right to civil and religious liberty, it opens that view to all. The principle is one whose progress cannot long be arrested toward universal emancipation. Our principles of liberty strangely stopped before we reached this result, and millions are still held in bondage; France, seventy years after the proclamation of our independence, and taking our principle as her guide, leaped at once to a conclusion which we should have reached, that if one man is free, all are; that if one class of men are entitled to liberty, all are; that if it is wrong for kings to tyrannize over men, it is wrong for any man to do it; that if men are not to be slaves beneath a throne, they are not to be slaves in a republic; and that, as they who stand around a throne when it falls, are free so all men, so far as they are concerned, are free also. The conclusion is inevitable: and to this, sooner or later, all men must come. If liberty is our right, it is the right of others; if it is not right that we should be fettered and manacled, having done no wrong, it is not right that others should be. If kings are guilty of wrong in depriving men of freedom, then all other men are guilty of wrong in doing the same thing; and if they are right who seek their own freedom, they cannot be right in withholding it from others. Curran saw this in the immortal declaration, that the moment any one touched the soil of England, that moment he was free, and his shackles fell." Mansfield saw it when, from the highest seat of judicial power, he declared this to be British law; and it is strange that the world—that the great advocates of liberty—that the great defenders of the Gospel—that the great upholders of the democratic principle—have not always and everywhere proclaimed it. But it will be proclaimed. Slavery cannot always exist in a republic. There is such a singular incongruity between the declaration in the instrument which proclaims our freedom, "that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;" and the doctrine and the fact that millions are held in servitude; there is such an incongruity in reading and proclaiming this throughout the land, and dwelling upon this as a "self-evident truth," and in the same breath proclaiming that there are now as many millions in our own country as first gave utterance to this truth who are not, and ought not, to be free; there is so much of an impossibility in maintaining the democratic principle, and still defending the institution of perpetual bondage; and there is such a fell and chilling difficulty in expressing congratulations to a foreign people because they are all free, and we enslave millions in our bosom, that the eyes will yet be opened upon inconsistencies and absurdities so glaring, and the world will begin to ask, whether we mean to teach that liberty is the right of man as such, or only our own right; whether we mean to reject that it is extended to others, or only that it is ours. But the world does not go backward on this point. They that rejoice with France; they that exult with the hope that Europe will be emancipated; they that express sympathy with the elevation of man when thrones are prostrated, are holding up a sentiment that will yet free the eyes of every being from oppression and bondage, and to that the world is coming; and God speed the day.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN CHARLES II. AND WILLIAM PENN, IN 1681.

When William Penn was about to sail from England to Pennsylvania, he went to take leave of the king, and the following conversation occurred. "Well, friend William," said Charles. "I have sold you a noble province in North America, but still I suppose you have no thoughts of going thither yourself." "Yes I have," replied William, "and am just come to bid thee farewell." "What, venture yourself amongst the savages of North America! Why, man, what security have you, that you will not be in their war-kettle in two hours after setting foot on their shores?" "The best security in the world," replied Penn. "I doubt that, friend William; I have no idea of any security against the cannibals, but in regard to the good soldiers, with their muskets and bayonets. And mind, I tell you beforehand, that with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under great obligation, I will not send a single soldier with you." "I want none of thy soldiers," answered William. "I depend on something better than thy soldiers." The king wished to know what that was. "Why, I depend on ourselves—on our moral sense—and on that grace of God which bringeth salvation, and which hath appeared unto all men." "I fear, friend William, that that grace has never appeared to the Indians of North America." "Why not to them as well as to all others?" "If it had appeared to them," said the king, "they would hardly have treated my subjects so barbarously as they have done." "That is no proof to the contrary, friend Charles. Thy subjects were the aggressors. When thy sub-

jects first went to North America, they found these poor people the fondest and kindest creatures in the world. Every day they would watch for them to come ashore, and hasten to meet them, and feast them on their best fish and venison, and corn, which was all that they had. In return for this hospitality of the savages, as we call them, thy subjects, termed Christians, seized their country and rich hunting grounds, for farms for themselves! Now it is to be wondered at that these much injured people should have been driven to desperation by such injustice, and that, burning with revenge, they should have committed some excesses." "Well, then, friend William, I hope you will not complain when they come to treat you in the same manner." "I am not afraid of it," said Penn.

Aye, how will you avoid it? You mean to get their hunting grounds, too, I suppose? "Yes, but not by driving these poor people away from them." "No, indeed, how then will you get their lands?" "I mean to buy their lands of them." "Buy their lands of them? why man you have already bought them of me." "Yes! and at a dear rate too, but I did it only to get thy good will, not that I thought thou hast any right to their lands." "Zounds, man! no right to their lands!" "No, friend Charles, no right at all. What right hast thou to their lands?" "Why, the right of discovery; the right which the Pope and all Christian kings have agreed to give one another." "The right of discovery! a strange kind of right indeed. Now, suppose, friend Charles, some canoe loads of these Indians, crossing the sea, and discovering thy island of Great Britain, were to claim it as their own, and set it up for sale over thy head, what wouldst thou think of it?" "Why—why—why—why," replied Charles, "I must confess, I should think it a piece of great impudence in them." "Well then, how canst thou, a Christian and a Christian Prince too, do that which thou so utterly condemnest in these people whom thou callest savages? Yes, friend Charles; and suppose again that these Indians, on thy refusal to give up thy island of Great Britain, were to make war on thee, and having weapons more destructive than thine, were to destroy many of thy subjects, and to drive the rest away, wouldst thou not think it horribly cruel?" "The king assenting to this with strong marks of conviction, William proceeded—"well then, friend Charles, how can I, who call myself a Christian, do what I should abhor even in heathens? No, I will not do it. But I will buy the right of the proper owners, even of the Indians themselves. By so doing I shall imitate God himself in his justice and mercy, and thereby insure his blessing on my colony, if I should ever live to plant one in North America."—Weems' Life of William Penn.

TERRORISTS, SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS.

In a late Parisian journal we notice an interesting article by Alexander Dumas, well known for his abundant contributions to the popular literature of France, in which he pleads earnestly for the nation, for the family, and for the right of holding property.

"What," he asks, "are the Terrorists assailing at the present moment?—The nation, and all that makes it glorious." "What do the Socialists assail?—The family, love for which makes the good citizen." "And what do the Communists assail?—The right of holding property, respect for which makes the honest man."

Some of the errors and absurdities of each of these three classes of agitators he exhibits in a style of uncommon severity. "Oh ye Socialists!" he exclaims, "who wish to abolish the existence of families! your fathers must have died before your birth; your mothers must have perished when you were born; your children must have been strangled before they were brought forth. Perhaps you are good republicans; but certainly you are bad men."

He finishes by saying, in reference to those whom he has been opposing: "Happily, behind the men who are leading astray some ill-advised disciples, there is the veritable people, the people of Paris, elevated and strong, the people who have some property, more or less, and do not like that the possession of it be called a robbery. Happily, behind the people of Paris there is France, which will not accept these strange sophisms, these incredible paradoxes, even if France accept them. Happily, behind France there is God."

Thrice happy, indeed, it will be for France and for all the nations, when the rulers and the people duly lay to heart the great truth that, behind the agitating scenes of earth there is a holy and Almighty Being, whose eye is in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

In the affairs of men, there are times when it is seen and felt, even by the most inconsiderate, that mere human skill and power are unavailing. We rejoice that, on this occasion, Dumas has uttered sound and salutary principles. Myriads of the French have admired him, when he has written chiefly for their amusement. May they regard him now, when he writes to save their vital interests from imminent peril.

And yet we cannot resist the conviction that France needs another kind of teachers. She needs the Gospel in its power and purity; the Gospel addressed worthily to the understanding and to the hearts of the people; the Gospel exemplified in the lives of professed Christians, and made effectual by the energies of the Holy Spirit.—Reflector and Watchman.

VOLTAIRE'S PLAN TO REBUILD THE TEMPLE OF JERUSALEM.

Among the many excellent remarks which have at different times appeared in your pages, relative to the inspired prophecies, I do not recollect to have seen any allusion to what has often struck me as one very strong corroboration of their truth. I mean the attempts which have been made, but in vain, to defeat their accomplishment. The modern state of the Jews is an invincible argument on this subject; but what I extend more particularly to urge at present, as an illustration of my remarks, is the plan conceived by Julian, and revived by D'Alembert and Voltaire, to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. I shall give the account of this transaction in the words of the Abbe Barruel.

"It is well known what strength the Christian religion draws from the fulfilling of the prophecies, and particularly from those of Daniel, and of Christ himself, on the fate of the Jews and their temple. Julian, the apostate, in order to give the lie to Christ and to the prophecies which had sought to rebuild the temple. It is also known, that flames bursting forth from the earth, at divers times, and devouring the workmen, had obliged him to desist from the undertaking. D'Alembert was not ignorant of this act of the divine vengeance having been certified by a multitude of eye-witnesses. He had undoubtedly seen it recorded in Ammianus Marcellinus—an author of unquestionable authority, for he was the friend of Julian, and, like him, a Pagan. But this did not hinder him from writing to Voltaire, 'You probably know that this time there is in Berlin a Jew, who, excepting Mahomet's Paradise, is in the meantime gone to wait on your former disciple, in the name of the Sultan Mustapha. Writing to that country the other day, I mentioned, that if the king (of Prussia) would but say the word, it would be a fine opportunity to have the temple of Jerusalem rebuilt.'"

"That word was not said by the former disciple, and D'Alembert gives the following reason to Voltaire:—'I have no doubt that we should have succeeded in our negotiation for the rebuilding of the temple of the Jews, if your former disciple had not been afraid of losing some of his Jewish worshippers, who could have carried away thirty or forty millions of money with them.' Thus, in spite of all inclination to give the lie to the God of the Christians, even the sordid interest of the conspirators was to add a new proof to the truth of his doctrines."

"Voltaire had not, eighteen years after, given up the plan, nor lost all hopes of accomplishing it. Seeing that D'Alembert had succeeded with Frederic, he endeavored to prevail with the Empress of Russia. He writes to her, 'If your majesty is in regular correspondence with Ali Bey, I implore your protection with him; I have a little favor to ask of him; it is to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, and to recall the Jews, who will pay him a large tribute, and thereby make a mighty lord of him.'"

"Voltaire, when nearly eighty, still persisted in this plan, by which he was to prove to the people that Christ and his prophets were impostors. The truth of the circumstances attending Julian's attempt has been often called in question; but I think that no person can deliberately weigh the strong arguments of Bishop Warburton, in his treatise on this subject, without admitting both that the attempt was made, and that it was defeated in the manner prescribed by Ammianus Marcellinus. Voltaire's plan seems to have been half in jest; though had the project been favorably received, it can scarcely be doubted that it would have proved successful. So much for the intention both of the ancient and modern Julian; as for the project itself, it would have proved nothing but the impiety of the deists, had it been put into execution; for, as the Abbe Gregoir, in speaking on this very subject, justly remarks, 'The prophecies foretold that there should not remain one stone upon another, which has been strictly fulfilled; but they nowhere relate that the edifice should never be built.'"

"That word was not said by the former disciple, and D'Alembert gives the following reason to Voltaire:—'I have no doubt that we should have succeeded in our negotiation for the rebuilding of the temple of the Jews, if your former disciple had not been afraid of losing some of his Jewish worshippers, who could have carried away thirty or forty millions of money with them.' Thus, in spite of all inclination to give the lie to the God of the Christians, even the sordid interest of the conspirators was to add a new proof to the truth of his doctrines."

"Voltaire had not, eighteen years after, given up the plan, nor lost all hopes of accomplishing it. Seeing that D'Alembert had succeeded with Frederic, he endeavored to prevail with the Empress of Russia. He writes to her, 'If your majesty is in regular correspondence with Ali Bey, I implore your protection with him; I have a little favor to ask of him; it is to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem, and to recall the Jews, who will pay him a large tribute, and thereby make a mighty lord of him.'"

"Voltaire, when nearly eighty, still persisted in this plan, by which he was to prove to the people that Christ and his prophets were impostors. The truth of the circumstances attending Julian's attempt has been often called in question; but I think that no person can deliberately weigh the strong arguments of Bishop Warburton, in his treatise on this subject, without admitting both that the attempt was made, and that it was defeated in the manner prescribed by Ammianus Marcellinus. Voltaire's plan seems to have been half in jest; though had the project been favorably received, it can scarcely be doubted that it would have proved successful. So much for the intention both of the ancient and modern Julian; as for the project itself, it would have proved nothing but the impiety of the deists, had it been put into execution; for, as the Abbe Gregoir, in speaking on this very subject, justly remarks, 'The prophecies foretold that there should not remain one stone upon another, which has been strictly fulfilled; but they nowhere relate that the edifice should never be built.'"

A SCENE IN BACKWOODS ADVENTURES.

FORTY-SIX YEARS SINCE.

Remote from settlements of any note, and on the farthest verge of population at that time, lived in small cabins two who were brothers-in-law, and depended on their experience as hunters for provisions for their families. On one of those balmy evenings in May when nature was rising from her bed of death and putting forth her renewed glory, these friends took their trusty rifles and went to the almost untrodden forest, in quest of something to replenish their tables. In company was their oldest, most experienced and trusty dog, who from the days of his youth had been trained for the woods, and who had become perfect in the science of hunting, as fleet almost as the wind, and as alert as the tiger, yet without was one of the most docile of his race. He was always ready for any emergency, but most delighted in combat with a beaver.

In this matter he had suffered, for in his earlier life like other youngsters, he thought he knew more than his master; and several times by taking too vigorous a hold, came off severely wounded, but afterwards he had learned to maintain a running fight, whether he or the bear pursued.

The evening being dry and warm they had no luck, and concluded to watch a deer-kill. The sun was throwing his dying rays on the tops of the lofty forest, when the rumbling of the distant thunder was heard, and a black cloud reared its head. Some provision must be made to meet the emergency; one went to peel some bark for a shelter, and the other to kindle a fire and collect some wood, and just as the night was closing around them, and just as they were closing around the fire, a bear was aroused by the barking of "Ball" over the ridge. While they were preparing for the night he went to reconnoitre, and came across a large bear. The temptation was too strong—he immediately made the attack, and wounded the animal so severely that it took to a tree; then he sent back the notes to inform us of his position; we did not hesitate a moment. Both picking up our rifles and tomahawks set off at full speed, and soon, on reaching the top of the ridge, we saw the animal clinging to the side of a tree. We pushed forward, but by some means it learned our intention, let go, and came down with a crash on the ground. Ball flew at it strongly, but finally the bear repelled him back to us. We placed ourselves for battle, when both of our gun locks were heard to "click, click."

At this the bear wheeled and made all speed to be off; we followed on, hallooing, to encourage Ball. It was now so dark that we could not see our hands before us; still the lightning flashed and the thunder roared. At length we heard Ball again notifying us that he had put the bear under a tree; we rushed forward through the woods and over the logs until we arrived at the place, and by the flashes of lightning we could see the bear was still on the log. My companion having the heaviest ball was to shoot first, and I to reserve my fire for an emergency; the animal held by the side of a tree. When it lightened we took our position, and at the next flash the rifle resounded through the forest. Down came the bear, raging and howling. We both rushed up, tomahawk in hand, but when we got within a few feet the creature took another tree. My companion loaded his gun with three of my small bullets, and aimed again—down it came; again; then I shot it, and all was silent, except that we could hear Ball tugging at it. I took my tomahawk in one hand, and felt for the bear with the other, until I got hold of its foot, and found it quite dead. The rain poured in a torrent; we endured it until the storm was over; next morning we found that our prey was a female, and had cubs, so we bore our prize on our backs, and passed on to the bottom of a small creek, and soon Ball reached us out three fine cubs two or three months old; one we killed; it was more vicious than the other two; we made captives of the latter. Tom grew to be a fine fellow, and would wrestle or take a box with any, or he would return the compliment with increase. So ended this bear hunt. I give this as a sort of specimen of the original manner of the backwoodsman in procuring food for himself and family. His backwood's wife, his fat papposes, his dog and gun, were his glory.

MEWAWAHAK.

"This spirited though hasty picture of Western pioneer adventure, is from our friend Rev. J. B. Foley—the above signature is the name of the author. It is a 'strong in his own way.'"

RELIC OF OLDEN TIMES.

The Springfield Gazette publishes a copy of a letter written 134 years ago, by the Rev. Lawrence C. C. C., giving an account of the ordination of the first minister ever settled over the Old South Parish in Danvers. We extract the following section:—"Ye Governor was in ye house and her Majesty's commissioner of ye customs, and they set together in a high seat by ye pulpit stairs. Ye Governor appears very devout and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists, but is a strong opposer of ye Papists. He was dressed in a black Velvet Coat, bordered with gold lace; and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings. There was a disturbance in ye galleries, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes and Indians, and a negro call'd Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth and put in ye broad aisle, where he was reproved with great carelessness and solemnity. He was then put in ye Deacon's seat, between two Deacons in view of ye whole congregation, but ye sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortions of countenance, giving grave scandal to ye grave Deacons, and put him in the lobby under ye stairs; some children and a mulatto Woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter. When ye services at ye house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes, on ye hill near by, and we had a bountiful table, with bear's head and Venison, the last of which was a fine buck shot in ye woods near by. Ye Bear was killed in Lynn Woods, near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrish of Wrentham, word came that the buck was shot on ye Lord's day, by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lie in his mouth, like Amnias of old; ye council thereupon refused to eat ye Venison, but it was afterwards agreed that Pequot should receive forty stripes save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer; and, considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shephard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of the Vision."

Not satisfied with a mere Christian profession. Be not satisfied with that measure of religious character that shall save you from the discipline of the church, or even secure your salvation so as by fire. Rise up to a vigorous and lofty tone of Christian feeling and action. Let no one mark your daily conduct without perceiving that it is an ever-brightening light. And here, after all, is the hope of the country—the hope of the age. If I could but see the young men of this generation, as a body, baptized with the spirit of true Christianity, and acting habitually under a high sense of obligation, I should confidently expect to see the clouds that darken our horizon soon pass away. And I should then give myself no concern about the prevalence of one political party or another; for if I could be sure that the mass were acting under the influence of Christian feeling, and that an enlightened and active conscience was in the politics of the nation, I should have no fear that the mistakes incident to human weakness, would ever greatly mar our public prosperity. Oh if I could feel sure that the young men before me—the young men of the nation at large—would be valiant for the truth and the right—I would deal with the miserable plotting demagogues of the land to ruin my country. I would say to all evil men, whether in high or low places, whether they make part of the constituted authorities of the nation, or of the very refuse and dregs of the mob—I would say to them—if it must be so, do your best to ruin us, and the nation will live in spite of you. Your mission of evil will not last always. You cannot always utter bitter words, or perform desperate acts; for ere long your voice will be hushed, and your arms folded in death. I pity you, but I fear you not—for these young men, full of faith in God, and of zeal in his service, are preparing to undo the wretched labors of your life. Could I but feel an assurance that this would be so, I would go abroad and proclaim it everywhere; I would entreat every man who loves his country or his race, to tell upon his knees, and offer up thanksgivings for such a gracious interposition. Oh, it is a glorious vision to dwell upon—Young men of this nation, it is for you to decide whether the vision shall go out in darkness, or brighten into a glorious accomplishment.

Dr. Sprague.

SLAVERY—PROPERTY IN MAN.

Tell me not of rights; talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right; I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings, of our common nature, rise in the rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentiment is the same that rejects it. In vain we tell me of the law that sanctions such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all time; such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the source of power, wealth and knowledge, to another all unutterable woes, such as it is at this day; it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while man despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject, with indignation, the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man.—Lord Brougham.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed, perhaps on the walls; and you know that when a young soldier is on guard, he must not leave his post until he is relieved—that is, until another soldier comes to take his place. One of these soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth, to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young English woman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode; and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived on the night of the massacre, to save this young English woman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in, were killed.

TALENT ALWAYS WORTH A PRICE.

No men are more justly entitled to fair prices than truly qualified and competent teachers. And this, not barely because of the value of what they give in return, but because of the great outlay of time and money necessary to prepare for their profession. Some teachers have spent a dozen years in preparation, and have had out many thousands of dollars; a capital of time and money sufficient to have made them rich, in merchandise, or at any mechanical art. Few persons can estimate the value of things, where results are produced with ease, and in a moment. They must see the labor performed. Most can readily believe that a railroad, a canal, or a ship, is worth all the money asked for it; but they cannot understand why a painting, or a statue, should be held at many thousands of dollars. Nor can they but be amazed that Paganini

should expect twenty guineas for a single "tune" performed on the violin! A plain, but frank-hearted and sensible farmer, once called at the office of a celebrated Chief Justice in the South, and asked him a very important question, that could be answered in an instant, categorically—yes, or no. "No," was promptly returned. The farmer was well satisfied. The decision was worth to him many thousands of dollars. And now the client, about to retire, asked the lawyer the charge for the information. "Ten dollars," replied he. "Ten dollars!" ejaculated the astonished farmer, "ten dollars!" for saying, no?" "Do you see these rows of books, my friend?" rejoined the Chief Justice. "I have spent many years in reading them, and studying their contents, to answer No." "Right! right!" responded the honest farmer. "Right! I cheerfully pay the ten dollars."—B. H. Hall's Teaching a Science, &c.

BONAPARTE'S HABITS.

His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in it for about two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath, he was continually turning on warm water, to raise the temperature; so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapor that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door. Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and adverse to all excess. His flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, having evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night watching, Bonaparte made other watches, but he himself slept and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently, when I awoke him, he would turn himself and say, "Ah! Bourienne, let me sleep a little longer." When there was no pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious: "During the night," said he, "enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have any good news to communicate, as that has no hurry; but when you bring me bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is a moment to be lost." This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.—Bourienne's Memoirs of Napoleon.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Be not satisfied with a mere Christian profession. Be not satisfied with that measure of religious character that shall save you from the discipline of the church, or even secure your salvation so as by fire. Rise up to a vigorous and lofty tone of Christian feeling and action. Let no one mark your daily conduct without perceiving that it is an ever-brightening light. And here, after all, is the hope of the country—the hope of the age. If I could but see the young men of this generation, as a body, baptized with the spirit of true Christianity, and acting habitually under a high sense of obligation, I should confidently expect to see the clouds that darken our horizon soon pass away. And I should then give myself no concern about the prevalence of one political party or another; for if I could be sure that the mass were acting under the influence of Christian feeling, and that an enlightened and active conscience was in the politics of the nation, I should have no fear that the mistakes incident to human weakness, would ever greatly mar our public prosperity. Oh if I could feel sure that the young men before me—the young men of the nation at large—would be valiant for the truth and the right—I would deal with the miserable plotting demagogues of the land to ruin my country. I would say to all evil men, whether in high or low places, whether they make part of the constituted authorities of the nation, or of the very refuse and dregs of the mob—I would say to them—if it must be so, do your best to ruin us, and the nation will live in spite of you. Your mission of evil will not last always. You cannot always utter bitter words, or perform desperate acts; for ere long your voice will be hushed, and your arms folded in death. I pity you, but I fear you not—for these young men, full of faith in God, and of zeal in his service, are preparing to undo the wretched labors of your life. Could I but feel an assurance that this would be so, I would go abroad and proclaim it everywhere; I would entreat every man who loves his country or his race, to tell upon his knees, and offer up thanksgivings for such a gracious interposition. Oh, it is a glorious vision to dwell upon—Young men of this nation, it is for you to decide whether the vision shall go out in darkness, or brighten into a glorious accomplishment.

Dr. Sprague.

VESSEL SAVED BY A DOLPHIN.

Mr. Colstone, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who lived a century ago, was remarkable for his liberality to the poor, and equally distinguished for his success in commerce. The providence of God, seemed to smile, in a peculiar manner, on the concerns of one who made so good a use of his affluence. It has been said that he has never insured, nor ever lost a ship. Once, indeed, a vessel belonging to him, on her voyage home, struck on a rock, and immediately sprang a leak, by which so much water was admitted as to threaten speedy destruction. Means were instantly adopted to save the vessel, but all seemed ineffectual, as the water rose rapidly. In a short time, however, the leak stopped without any apparent cause, and the vessel reached Bristol in safety. On examining her bottom, a fish, said to be a dolphin